*Haſt.* Whats a clocke?
*Meſſ.* Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
*Haſt.* Cannot thy Maſter ſleepe theſe tedious nights?
*Meſſ.* So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:
Firſt he commends him to your noble Lordſhip.
*Haſt.* And then. *Meſ.* And then he ſends you word.
He dreamt to night the beare had raſte his helme:
Beſides, he ſaies there are two councels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhips pleaſure:
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeede poſt into the North,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoule diuines.
*Haſt.* Go fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the ſeperated counſels:
His honour and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my ſeruant Catesby:
Where nothing can proceede that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are ſhallow, wanting inſtance.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is ſo fond,
To truſt the mockery of vnquiet ſlumbers,
To flie the boare, before the boare purſues vs,
Were to incenſe the boare to follow vs,
And make purſuite where he did meane no chaſe:
Go bid thy Maſter riſe and come to me,
And we will both together to the tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the boare will vſe vs kindely.
*Meſſ.* My gratious Lo: Ile tell him what you ſay. *Enter*
*Cat.* Many good morrowes to my noble Lo: (*Cateſ.*
*Haſt.* Good morrow Catesby, you are early ſtirring,
What newes what newes, in this our tottering ſtate?
*Cat.* It is a reeling world indeede my Lo:
And I beleeue it will neuer ſtand vpright,
Till Richard weare the garland of the Realme.
*Haſt.* Howe? weare the garland? doeſt thou meane the
*Cat.* I my good Lord. (crowne?
*Haſt.* Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my ſhoul-
Ere I will ſee the crowne ſo foule miſplaſte: (ders
But canſt thou gueſſe that he doth aime at it.
*Cat.* Vpon my life my Lo: and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene muſt die at Pomfret.
*Haſt.* Indeede I am no mourner for that newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voice on Richards ſide,
To barre my Maſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not doe it to the death.
*Cat.* God keepe your Lordſhip in that gratious minde.
*Haſt.* But I ſhall laugh at this a twelue-month hence,
That they who brought me in my Maſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?
*Haſt.* Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on it.
*Cat.* Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord,
When men are vnprepard and looke not for it.
*Haſt.* O Monſtrous monſtrous, and ſo fals it out
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray, and ſo twill doe
With ſome men els, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knoweſt are deare
To Princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
*Cat.* The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
*Haſt.* I know they doe, and I haue well deſerued it.
*Enter Lord Stanley.*
What my Lo: where is your boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the boare and go ſo vnprouided?
*Stan.* My Lo: good morrow: good morrow Catesby:
You may ieſt on: but by the holy roode,
I doe not like theſe ſeuerall councels I.
*Haſt.* My Lo: I hould my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe proteſt,

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